


BX
5133
P9790

PUSEY

OUR PHARISAISM

A
A
0
0
0
9
7
9
2
4
7
4



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

Wm. Wilberforce
OUR PHARISAISM:

A SERMON

PREACHED AT

ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE,

ON

ASH-WEDNESDAY, 1868.

BY

THE REV. E. B. PUSEY, D.D.

REGIUS PROFESSOR OF HEBREW, AND CANON OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

SOLD BY JAMES PARKER & CO., OXFORD,

AND 377, STRAND, LONDON;

AND RIVINGTONS,

LONDON, OXFORD, AND CAMBRIDGE.

1868.

PLYMOUTH :

PRINTED AT THE PRINTING PRESS OF THE DEVONPORT SOCIETY.

BX
5133
P9770

OUR PHARISAISM.

ST. LUKE xviii. 11.

*The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God
I thank Thee that I am not as other men are.*

THERE is, perhaps, scarce a character in Holy Scripture which men more detest, than this Pharisee. I suppose, much on the principle that we loathe the ape, because he is so hideous a likeness of ourselves. For, if we detested or despised him, as being in any way our inferior, as having unamiablenesses, which we have not, we should have arrived at out-Phariseeing the Pharisee, like him in all except the religious side of his character, in that we do not thank God that we are (as we think,) not like him.

And yet, for the nineteenth century, he is a very respectable religionist. One might, if one dared follow one's own impulses, wish that we had more of them. Any how, the wives of our people would be safe; for he was no adulterer. We should have fewer of those commercial crises, which bring calamity on so many innocent people, and shew the hollowness of our national claim to honesty (Pharisees in this, in all but his truthfulness); for he was "not unjust." Our poor would be better off, and we should have more shepherds in this vast wilderness of souls; for

he paid tithes of all which he possessed: a double tithe, you will recollect, one for God's Priests, the other for the poor, and another tithe every third year for the poor; 4s. 8*d.* in the pound he any how gave to God, nor, as our wont is, underrating our property for the poor's rate, but a good 4s. 8*d.* in the pound on the average of the three years. Then, in the country, the poor had the corners of his fields, and were preferred to the pigs, as his gleaners. Then he was regular at synagogue-worship: he set a good example (as I doubt not, he told himself), and the chief seats which he chose, would not vie with our old-fashioned Churches in London or our family-pews in the country. He used too some sort of self-denial; for he fasted twice in the week, going herein beyond what the law required of him. He had a zeal towards God, such as it was; for he compassed sea and land to make one proselyte. He liked religious conversation: for he liked people to call him "Rabbi, Rabbi," that is, Teacher. One who would be like him must any how "promote religious knowledge," as we speak. They used impatient words against the ignorant poor, when these preferred Jesus to them; but they did, at least, what they could to teach them, as far as they knew themselves. Well! we have almost a model Christian of the nineteenth century; very exact in his religious duties, doing for the poor in his temporal wants what God's law commanded, providing for religious instruction, leading a regular moral life, strict in his dealings, not exacting, giving nearly one fifth of his income to God. Why! name such an one on the Exchange^a, or any other great resort of those

^a Some observations, made since this sermon was delivered,

abounding in wealth, I fear that a good many would think him mad. I remember when the chief plea why a singular person should be formally pronounced mad, incapable of managing his property, was that he gave a good deal to God; and those of us, who held him to be right^b, were thought almost beside ourselves, in a very dangerous proximity to madness. I fear that if any one, in one of our public marts of commerce, were to say, "As you would keep God's law, you must give one tenth of your income, of your gains to God," if people could not get rid of the saying by counting him a mad-man, they would think him a most inconvenient preacher. Well then, I said rightly that, humanly speaking, we might wish for a good many more such Pharisees among us, to mend the condition of our poor; and, for the sake of the tone of our upper-class morality, it would indeed be a godsend, if there were none worse. He was well-satisfied with himself: he did very many things which were good: he kept himself from much which was bad: he could not have done the good or avoided the evil without God's grace. He had the light of the Mosaic law, and, although he had lost all the teaching of its manifold continual sacrifices, he acted up to the light at least of those precepts, which he selected out of it. Many Pharisees were hypocrites, our Lord tells us. He does

occasion me to add that I did not imagine that I could be supposed to be reflecting on any class of persons. I used the term only, as a sort of proverb for wealth.

^b As witnesses, cited to prove his sanity at a previous period. It was some thirty years ago. He had neither wife, nor child, or any one dependent upon him.

not say so of *him*. We have only to take his character, as our Lord gives it. What then was wanting to him? Was that loveless contempt of the Publican the whole defect? Again, our Lord does not say that he was wrong as to what the Publican had been. He did not know that he was a penitent. It was of the grace of God, that he had not been, what the Publican had been, (for it is of God's grace that we are kept from any sin), and in his dry unloving way he thanked God for it. He was right about him, as he was about the poor sinner, whom he would not have Jesus to allow to touch Him. He knew "who and what manner of woman" she was: our Lord said that "her sins were many."

It was not the one or the other grace which he wanted to have deepened. It was not, as people think of themselves, that he needed to be somewhat humbler, that this or that censorious speech had better have been unsaid, or was wrong. It was not merely that vein of boastfulness, that he paraded, somewhat ungracefully, any good which by nature or grace there was in him. All these had their spring in one central underlying evil, which poisoned all. He had missed and neglected that which was at the centre of God's revelation by Moses, the knowledge of sin. He had attended at their public worship, and thought well of himself for doing it: he had seen the continual offerings for sin; perhaps he knew in a way that we are all sinners: if he were among us, no doubt he would say at least weekly, "we have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep;" for he too said in David's words, "I have gone astray like a sheep which was lost;" and he would not have meant altogether to

have made such a confession in the name of others ; though what he would have meant, it is difficult to say. Perhaps he would have repeated them, as some do the words, “ the remembrance of them is grievous unto us, the burden of them is intolerable,” and think them a strong way of speaking. Perhaps he thought of what he himself would have been or might have been, if God had not saved him, for which, as we know, he thanked God. “ God, I thank Thee, that I am not as other men are.” He would have been a respectable Heathen ; as a Socinian or a Deist, he would have been pointed out as a pattern of morality, to show that we have no need of Jesus or a Redeemer ; he would have been a triumph for human nature, ignorant as it is, that all good in it, in Judaism or Heathenism too, as well as in the Gospel, is of the grace of God. But he was not a religious Jew : he had the form of godliness without its power. He was deficient not as to the branches, but as to the root and sap of his religiousness. He had missed, through pride, the whole teaching of the religion of Moses, by which it fixed men’s eyes and their faith upon the Redeemer Who was to come ; and, having missed it through his own fault, he returned home from his exemplary Sabbath-worship, unjustified ; the sins, to which he had, through sin, blinded himself, so as not to ask for forgiveness, unforgiven. Worse still. He returned home, more out of favour with God than he came. He came to worship : he gained, not the favour of God, but His displeasure. Yet he had merits of his own. Not without the grace of God, nor without some violence upon corrupt nature, had he kept himself from gross injury to his neighbour, as to his wife or property.

(Would God, one may say again from what one hears of the world, we had more such Pharisees, or, at least none worse than this Pharisee!) Not without God's grace is any one kept from any sin, or does any, the least good. Not without God's grace was he exact in what he did of duty, or in keeping from what he kept from of sin. But Satan, through this boastful self-idolising, destroyed this idol, which at much cost and pains he had made: he lost the grace and the fruits of grace of which he boasted. He had some good deeds: the publican came, loaded with his sins; he very probably had all the sins, from which the Pharisee thanked God, that he had kept himself. Yet the Pharisee, who was rich, went empty away, severed from the grace of God, unjustified. He came, exalting himself to heaven; he returned, thrust down to hell. The Publican, bowed down by his manifold sins to the verge of hell, returned a citizen of heaven.

What then was it, which turned this, in itself, real gain to loss, and the real loss to gain; which made the Pharisee, with his real good deeds, a dwelling-place of Satan, and the Publican, with his real evil deeds, a fellow-citizen of angels, their peer, their joy?

It much concerns us to know. For our Lord points out this Pharisee-righteousness, as a righteousness, with which we might be tempted to take up, with which we might deem ourselves secure of heaven, and, in this our security, might miss it. "I say unto you, That except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of Heaven."^c

Now, in this, we need not doubt that our Lord is

^c St. Matt. v. 20.

speaking, not of the whited sepulchres, the hypocrites among the Pharisees, not of their worst, but of their best while they remained such. For our Lord had been speaking of a real but partial obedience to the law; He goes on to speak of limitations, whereby men made God's commandments easier to flesh and blood. It is then a real righteousness in its degree, of which He is speaking; a real, strict righteousness, such as St. Paul had, who "after the straitest sect of his religion, lived a Pharisee;" a righteousness, in which men placed a hedge around the law, doing something more than the letter of the law commanded, and avoiding something more than the letter of the law forbade; a righteousness, such as Paul had, when he lived "touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless^d," which he once esteemed as "gain," but which, when he came to know Jesus, he accounted loss.

They were obviously two primal Christian graces, which the Pharisee lacked, humility and love: his lack of humility engendered his unlovingness. For "true righteousness compassionates its fellow-sinner; false righteousness disdains him." But what is the special source of the Pharisee's pride? For, however little we may know of ourselves, we know that pride is the centre of every spiritual sin; that not only envy, jealousy, censoriousness, evil-speaking, soreness at contempt from others, ambition, heresy, unbelief, misbelief, unsubmitiveness, but even sins, which seem most without our wills, in which we seem most passive, anger and impatience, spring from pride.

The form of his pride was, what is mostly spoken

^d Phil. iii. 6.

of with so little blame; it is mostly so little offensive; it sits so easily; it is so good-natured, at least to its equals; it makes no special claims, except to remain undisturbed; it will allow to every one else (so that it be not impinged upon) what it claims for itself; it is so smooth, amiable, comfortable with itself, and too indolent and self-occupied to discompose others, unless trod upon.

The Pharisee's central failure was, what is the central failure of this day too, what this solemn season was intended, among other sins, to remedy, self-complacency. Only the self-complacency of the Pharisee had a touch of religion in it; he thanked God for what he had not of evil, or had of good. The good which he had not, and the evil which he had, were out of his sight. True, his thanks to God were praise of himself: he was on very good terms with God: he gave to God what he thought God wanted of him. God had made him what he was, and he thanked God for it. What lacked he yet? Why should he suspect that he lacked any thing? Would God, (one must think, again and again) that our Christian self-complacency were half as religious! Yet what wanted he? What want we if we are like him? Alas, well nigh every thing. For he returned, that which the Publican came, a sinner unjustified. He acquitted himself; he was condemned by his Saviour and his Judge. He had no knowledge either of himself or his God; he had no love for his neighbour or his God. Self was his centre and his god. It was as if God existed for him, to do him good, to make him such that he could make himself what he was, not that he existed for God, to become like unto God.

This was and is the practical fruit of self-complacency. He, and we too often dwell on any good we think we have; worse still; good, often, of nature, rather than of grace (for grace is the most humbling thing in the world). Such acts are easily repeated; they cost us individually little (whatever they might cost others, whose temptations are different), and, give evidence of their valuelessness by their uncost; we tacitly lay good store by them; we mirror ourselves in them. And then, alas! for all besides, the picture which we thus form of ourselves, fills our canvass. The mirror of our mind reflects to us what we present to it; and all which we purposely leave behind, that great hideous humpback of unknown, unthought-of, unenquired-for sin, grows, day by day, the more deformed, makes us the more deformed in the sight of God and His holy Angels, because, in our ignorance of it, we are continually aggravating it. Some good we must well-nigh all do. For nature, though "far gone from original righteousness," is not yet wholly corrupt. Some good we must do, because nature itself requires it; our peace of mind requires it; we must have at least something wherewith to cozen ourselves; some fig-leaves to hide us from ourselves; something we can look at and not loathe ourselves; something which may take our eyes off from ourselves. The remnants of Paradise or some unwasted residue of Baptismal grace, serve our turn. Natural kindliness (it may be the basis of much grace) will supply a large fund; natural activity is almost inexhaustible; it occupies so much room with its seeming service; it stands so well with our fellow-men; it has always something new, wherewith to

occupy us and take our eyes off from that distressing sight, our real selves. Then, what a mist will ascend out of the round of daily duties, duties which, if done exactly to God out of the grace of God for the love of God, might gain large grace and bring us nearer God, what a statue-like resemblance they bear to real good; only lifeless, because not enlivened by the life-giving Spirit of God. Sunday-service will serve to make up the measure of the six days' self-deceit. It is the natural atmosphere of Pharisaism. We have to look well to our week-day services too. All, which might breathe on us gales from heaven, may come charged with the perfumes of our self-conceit. Alas for poor human nature, that it can satisfy itself with mere barren negations. Yet this was a characteristic of the Pharisee, "God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are." Not to do things dishonourable; not to do things mean; to shrink from a falsehood as impairing self-respect, what a dignity they give us in our own eyes! Then to employ the poor in ministering to our luxuries, or give a coin now and then to Lazarus, or the annual guinea to a few religious or charitable objects, every one praises our liberality—who can deny then that we have, as our's, the Queen of virtues, the daughter of the great King, to present us, as welcome denizens of the heavenly court? Or if we see the need of more positive love, there are the domestic charities. We are eminently, people say, a domestic nation. We, at our best, idolize one another; we magnify our petty offices to one another; we mirror ourselves in each other; we gratify our own or each other's selfishness, and call it love.

What a petty round of costless nothings is, even in some so-called religious tales, the ideal of Christian excellence. It would seem as if self-sacrifice, if it impinged on the smooth surface of domestic life, were the only enemy we had to dread. A nation of Polytheists! If any of us escape from falling down before our national idol Mammon, then we have as many idols, as we have individual good qualities; we each have our household gods, in which we worship ourselves. We boast ourselves of our national charities or charitableness, monuments mostly of departed charity, scarce held in being by our unsacrificing gifts. Our charity forsooth! Were an Angel, evil or good, to go round these miles of human habitations, the centre of our legislation, the would-be focus of our intelligence, the heart of our material prosperity, the treasure-house of our wealth, thence to report to the Judgment-seat of God, what we have done, what left undone, could we without heart-sickening dread, imagine their report? Could we boast *then*? And yet it is not an Angel's report, but our Judge Himself, Who sees, one by one, the oppressing of each hireling in his wages, to cheapen our luxuries; the scanty wages, which our selfish extravagance alone admits of, eked out by the sins of the mothers, to sustain the children who cry to them for bread and they have it not. He, their God and their Father and our Judge, He Who has promised to hear their cry, He, Whose Heart of love listens to every throbbing of every human heart, what if He asks us, what do ye more for these My members, what do ye more for Me in them, than if ye were indeed Scribes and Pharisees, than if I had never died for you? If we counted, not the little

which we give, but the much which we retain for our luxuries or comforts, while His members are a hungered and by us unfed, naked and by us unclotted, sick and by us unvisited, wherein could we say that our righteousness exceeded the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees? And if not, wherein is our hope of Heaven?

Or turn we to another of our boasted virtues, "Any how, we are a domestic people." You reproached us just now, you may say to me, that we made an idol of our domesticity. Any how, we are a moral people.

Of you who are here this day, it would be horrible to doubt it. But are we then to be saved alone? But how is it, that we hear the echoes of those things, which those in your society must, I suppose, have witnessed? What are fathers, brothers, mothers doing, what are all they in higher society doing, that we can hear of an undress, as if we were still in Paradise; of the bareness of dress of savage life, unredeemed by savage simplicity: of persons, as it were, exposed to view as though the drawing-rooms of our nobility were slave-markets; in which the young, in the full freshness of opening life, are set for sale to the highest bidder, a coronet or a millionaire (no matter of what character), and so it is thought fair and right that the purchaser should see what he buys, and make his choice amid the competing wares? [Are the eyes of our men to be more modest than the persons of our women^e?]

There is worse behind. But I forbear, although a Christian's spirit must burn within him to see

^e Not preached. But men have complained of this unbecomingness.

this great city wholly given to the idolatry of self, and that none dare speak openly of what is openly done. St. Paul says, "it is a shame to speak of those things which are done of them in secret." Alas! among us he must have said, "it is a shame to speak of those things which are done of them openly." Shame binds our speech; but neither the speech nor the acts of those, who used to furnish our ideal of maidenliness and purity. Yet of this I may speak, as notorious, that through this prevailing barbaric love of finery and pomp, our young men betake themselves to relations, unhallowed by marriage, against the law of God, because they cannot support the sinful extravagance, to be hallowed forthwith by marriage. St. Paul says, "The married woman careth for the things of the world, how she may please her husband." The world, not the husband, must be the end of these extravagances, of which some dare not even tell their husbands. But where then is the married love of such? What is this gorgeous, selfish, pitiless array, but an earnest and image of the robes of eternal flame?

Such are not you. God forbid! But well I remember the time, when no rank, no brilliancy, no station was allowed to compensate for moral purity. A sinful woman saw her own sinfulness reflected to her conscience by the aspect of the society which God's Providence formed her to adorn. The mothers of those days prized the, at least, unblameableness of those, to whose houses they introduced their daughters, more than their station. If mothers in these days seek the fashionable houses of those, from whom, if they were poor instead of wealthy, they

would shrink, what do they but connive and abet the damnation of those, once Christians in deed as well as name? What do they but cheer them on in their way to Hell, and repeat to God Cain's impious taunt, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

But any how, you will say, our Church-going is right. We cannot be Pharisees to day. We are all as Publicans together, to beat on our breasts, and cry, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" God grant it may last! But of all the Pharisaisms of the day, our Church-going seems to me the masterpiece. How so? What does or ought our coming here to profess? What, but that prayer is the life of our lives, that we live by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God; that the Sacrament of our Lord's Body and Blood unites us to Him, that we long to increase this Life-giving union with Him? We come, we return; we have gained, we trust, for our souls a treasure unutterable, that "Christ should dwell in us, and we in Him, that we should be one with Christ and He with us."

Do we believe what we say? How then is our belief not our condemnation? Is union with God a selfish thing? Is it something to be appropriated to ourselves? Is the coal of fire, with which not Seraphim, but the Lord and God of the Seraphim, has approached to our lips, not to burn in our hearts? Is it nothing to us, that our brethren starve spiritually, while we keep to ourselves the Bread of life, and here or there only, in this wide-waste wilderness of human souls, one is found to cry out, "Let him that is athirst come and take of the water of life freely? Whither are these three millions of human beings

going^f? To the Judgment-seat of Christ. But what afterwards? I own I hope more for the degraded poor than for the self-satisfied rich. At least, they are not Pharisees. God grant that even in their last hour, they may be as the Publican! But what do we to this end? A certain number of missions here and there, (and these sometimes persecuted) a few Scripture-readers or Bible-women, are these our worthy efforts to recover from Satan's jaws the sheep of Christ, and show how we prize the Precious Blood, by which we boast that we know, more than others, that we have been redeemed? What but this atmosphere of Pharisaism, with which we are encompassed, this yellow fog, mingled of all the faults of Pharisaism, Sadduceeism, Herodianism, which chokes our breathing and obstructs our sight, could make us take up with such a zealless, loveless, lifeless worship of God, Who is Love, as this?

“^f It was calculated after a careful enquiry, by the statistical Committee of the [Bp. of London's] fund, that, out of three million souls in the metropolis, one million were destitute of all known means of Christian instruction and worship.”

In the last four years nearly $\frac{1}{3}$ has been added (partly by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners) to the Clergy of London, 147, out of 1127. It is too low an estimate to say that there ought to be nearly three times as many, 3000. The late Bishop of London planned the erection of 50 Churches, besides those in Bethnal Green. They did not provide for the increase of population in London during the period in which they were erected. The present Bishop of London has wisely begun with “Mission Clergy.” But “Missions” amid populations of from 4000 to 12000, and those in some places condensed heathen populations, what are they? God give the increase! “Many have answered nobly to our appeals, but the multitude of those who have been deaf to them is far greater.” Bp. of London's Charge, p. 70.

What then is the remedy? The root of the evil is, ignorance of God and of ourselves, ignorance of our relation to God, of His love towards us individually, and of His claims upon us as His creatures, redeemed by the Blood of God. We cannot know ourselves, unless we know God. How should we know what is crooked, if we never measure it by an unbending rule? How should we understand our darkness, if our eyes are never lifted up to, never enlivened by the brightness of Divine light? How should we know our unholiness, if we never contemplate His sinless purity? How could we imagine the foulness of our ingratitude, unless we gaze on His ineffable Goodness which daily overstreams us with its benefits?

Be this, then, our task, this Lent; to unlearn whatever Pharisaism cleaves to us, by contemplation of our God, by knowledge of our relations to Him and of our duty to Him, and by large-hearted love to our fellow-sinners. We may be sure that we all have more or less of the Pharisee clinging to us; for it presses in upon us through all the habits and ways of our times, and if we are not conscious of some Pharisaism, it is the Pharisaism itself which blinds us. Every feeling of self-satisfaction, all dwelling upon ourselves, our doings or our words, is Pharisaism. All self-pleasing, all smoothness, all acceptance of others' praise except as a token of their love, is Pharisaism. Then only are we unlearning to be Pharisees, when men's praise stings us with its own valuelessness, and men's good opinion makes us dread to be hypocrites, except that we cannot help it; and every thing around us or within us, the good or evil of others,

our own seeming good or real evil, our good, because at best it might have been so much less poor, and we might have been less ungrateful for it, our evil, because it is so intolerable, should issue in that one cry, "God be merciful to me, a sinner ! To the sinner above the Publican, be Thou merciful as to the Publican." I say, then are we *beginning* to unlearn it. For, say it though we may from our hearts, we have but a hazy shadowy gleam of light, with what profound abasement of truth we ought to say it ; what a hideous thing we mean, when we call ourselves "sinners." St. Paul had no title for himself, but "chief of sinners." What depth of meaning can we give the word, that it should fit such as we are ?

Yet look up to your God ; think what it is, that He, the Infinite, the All-Holy, the All-Perfect, should in the tranquil self-sufficingness of His illimitable bliss, have in all eternity loved thee, and purposed, in time, to make thee the object of His Eternal love ; that He, needing not aught out of Himself, vouchsafed to need thee ; that He in time created, redeemed, sanctified thee, to be a little likeness of His perfections, an image, according to some especial grace, of some special beauty in Himself. To this end were the drawings of His grace, the loving severity, if so be, of His chastisements, His abundant Sacraments, His manifold calls and voices and speakings to thy soul within and without ; and all this, with that individual care and love, as if He existed but for Thee, remembering thee when thou forgattest Him, watching for thy return, tender not to weary thee by His importunities, yet sparing no solicitations which might win Thee, submitting Himself to all thy rebuffs and

rudenesses and dismissals, yet knocking anon at the door of thy heart, "My child? wilt thou open to Me now? fear Me not," all but constraining thee by the might and attractiveness of His love, yet leaving thee free, freely to accept Him, as thou wouldest one on this earth, who offered thee His love! Thou wouldest love such an one on earth. Where then has been our loyal affection, where our devotion, where our self-forgetful gratitude, where our fealty, where our burning passion, to requite freely that self-emptying love, which, being contented with that Co-equal Love which He Is, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, would, in God the Son, become such as thou thyself, lest He should lose thee? Oh, if one had never done one other sin, if one were full of all other saint-like virtues, if self had not tinged and tainted with its horrid defiling leprous touch any good in us, if there was nothing but this horrible ingratitude, could we abide ourselves, if He were only one of us? Since He is God, what can we utter with our deepest agonised heart-cry but, "God be merciful to me, a sinner?"

Yet, thanks be to His love, He has left us those, in whom to undo our ingratitude, in whom to feed tend, clothe, shield from cold, from sickness, from pining suffering, from untimely death, Himself, our Lord, our God, our Judge—His poor.

And who could plead so persuasively to you, as those who ask you this day through me? Here is nothing repulsive, no revolting sin-contracted habits, no loathesomeness of misery; no dread that our gifts, (jealous as we are of our own, while so careless as to our God's good gifts), should be wasted. They, who

so ask you, are your fellow Christians, who, in this life, have more of Christ's earthly lot than we ; for they are destitute of all things, while we have abundance of all things. But they ask only for life at your hands. They are husbands who implore you, that their wives and children may not be deprived untimely of their care ; they are fathers, mothers, who ask that their children may not be left fatherless, motherless ; that their homes may not be reft of their stay ; that their poor hearths may not be darkened of the sunbeam of a parent's love, or, amid the awful temptations of this sin-scourged city, may not be deprived of a mother's watchful care. Fathers say to you who are fathers, mothers, to you mothers : " You *can* help us. As you would that God should hear you in your trouble, hear me ; have mercy on my child."

For it is just when the soul is hanging between life and death, when, in God's providence, those whom He has stricken, but has in a degree raised up, will live, if they have food, good air, and tender care, and, if not, will die, that you can help those who minister to preserve their life. For the Foundress of this hospital, in her labours for the desolate poor in the North-East of London, discovered how many died, not through some severe disease, which God allowed to rage among them, but when He had abated it, and nothing was needed but man's charitable care, they perished, because they had it not. And so she conceived the plan of a convalescent Hospital, of which England then had but one ; and *that*, not for the very poor. She has laboured, and others have entered into her labours. Silently, unaided ex-

cept by one individual, without public appeal, she and her Sisters have carried on their devoted work. The conception, the gradual development, the maturing of the plan, the laborious attention to details, upon which the solidity of any plan depends, were wholly her's. May Jesus reward her! One who had seen her well-conceived self-sacrificing labours during the Cholera, said of it; "From what I saw then, I expected something solidly good; but *this* surpasses my expectation." And this was a scientific opinion. Now that the plan has stood the test of time, now that above £10,000 has, with careful economy, been spent upon the work itself^e, others are asked to expand a work, which can be expanded more effectively and less costlily than a new one could be begun. In the Cholera year, the cure of 145 patients from the North-East of London alone was completed in that hospital. They can now receive between 30 and 40 at a time; they ask to be enabled to minister, according to the original plan of the Foundress, to 100 at once. I speak of what I know. I have witnessed the glad enjoyment of returning health among those who had recently been prostrated by disease. I have heard the gratitude poured out, after their return, in their poor habitations in this city. I have known of the impression made by the grace of God, through the unobtruded devotions; how God has, through them, converted the soul, while He restored the life of the body.

We have most of us been touched to the quick by the severe illness of one whom we love. We have looked on the wasted form of some loved child, when

^e i. e. apart from the annual expenditure.

the fierceness of a disease was over, and the Physician has said, "with watchful care, good food and (when it can bear it), good air the child will live." How did our heart bound with thankful joy, that God had given us what we needed for them ! Or, we may have had some sharp illness ourselves, and God may, through all those helps with which He so abundantly supplies us, have given us new life and energy, new years, new powers to serve Him. As God has done to you, as you hope in the next trial-time God will do to you, so do. Think, when one comes to gather your alms, that it is not he whom you see, but that being, whom you love most tenderly, and whom, through tender care and nursing, God restored to you. Think that he whom you love, asks you, "O shew mercy for my sake; for God gave me back to your love;" think what it would be, to dread, the next time God shall so visit you; "I was not merciful then; perhaps God will not this time show me the mercy which I showed not." Think, above all, of Him your Judge, Whom in these you feed, Whom in these you tend, to Whom in these you exercise His delegated prerogative of giving life, and Who in His heavenly Courts will proclaim, "See what they have done to Me; see how they have cared for Me!" Be merciful after your power; and in that Dread Day, on which hangs eternity, may you hear those words, "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was an hungred and ye gave Me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave Me drink, I was sick, and ye had compassion upon Me."

RECENT REPORT OF ASCOT CONVALESCENT HOSPITAL.

The Hospital for convalescents and incurables, which was commenced in 1851, chiefly for the benefit of the East End of London, after lodging patients in Houses in various localities for some years, was finally founded on its present premises, situated a mile and a half from Ascot Station, in its own grounds, which consist of between thirty and forty acres of land.

Those who are acquainted with the neighbourhood of Ascot will know that the site is very bracing as well picturesque.

The Hospital is capable of receiving thirty to forty patients, with unusually large cubic space to each patient, and there are houses in the grounds which can be converted into smaller Hospitals.

During the outbreak of the cholera in 1866, one hundred and forty five convalescent patients were received from the East End of London alone.

A medical officer is appointed to the Hospital, and a chaplain, licensed by the Bishop of the Diocese, attends to the spiritual welfare of the patients.

A certificate from the medical attendant as to the nature of the disease, from which the patient is recovering or suffering, is essential for admission.

The regulations for admission and copies of Subscribers' letters are to be obtained from L. Watkins, Hon. Secretary, St. Saviour's, Osnaburgh Street, N. W.

It is superfluous to add that, as in all the London Hospitals, so in this, persons are admitted without any reference whatever to their religious denominations.

But it may not be altogether superfluous to state, that the expenses of the building and maintenance of this noble Institution, have been defrayed from private resources. Now that the demand for Institutions of this kind is greatly increasing, the Committee feel it to be of importance to make this appeal for assistance in enlarging the Hospital, so as to enable it to receive several hundred patients, according to the original design of the Foundress.

Cheques and Post Office Orders may be made payable to the Treasurer, E. H. PALMER, Esq., 11, King's Arms Yard, Moorgate Street, E. C.

Donations and Subscriptions may also be remitted to Miss Northcote, Ascot Hospital, Bracknell, Berks., or to J. Palmer, Hon. Secretary, Canon Hill, Maidenhead, or to L. Watkins, Hon. Secretary, St. Saviour's, Osnaburgh Street, N. W.; or may be paid to the account of the Hospital, at the Bank of SIR SAMUEL SCOTT, BART., & Co., Cavendish Square, W.; or the BANK OF ENGLAND, E. C.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 979 247 4

